

A SINGULAR GUEST.

Mr. Henry Apps of Hoxton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh Court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room, and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "gives nine."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the girl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered," exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jiggered! If they haven't been and left the key in for me, I might have sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a known."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music down stairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving a fancy dress dance on her return from the Continent, after her term of widowhood.

Mr. Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps. "Why how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know, I recognized you at once in spite of the costume."

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said. "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman to his room in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"I can walk," remarked Mr. Apps, with restored self-possession.

"I won't hear of it. When shall we say, now?"

"Say in an hour's time," said Mr. Apps. "I can go up-stairs again alone, change my togs and do all I want to."

"And can't you stay longer?"

She gave the card to the maid, and ordered it to be despatched at once.

"I've got a busy night before me," urged Mr. Apps, exclusively. He thought of his dog waiting on the lawn, and feared it give an inopportune bark. Besides, the safe was still open and the diamonds were waiting for him. He had noticed with satisfaction, Lady Staplehurst was wearing none.

"You were always an active man, captain."

"Always a-doing something," agreed Mr. Apps. "If it isn't one thing it's another." He shook his head reflectively. "I often wonder I don't write a book about it all."

"I don't believe you will know anybody here, Captain Norman," she said, as they walked down stairs; "but I couldn't help sending you a card, seeing how friendly we were on the Peshawar. Do you remember those evenings on deck on the Red Sea?"

She was really a very fine young woman and in her costume she looked extremely well.

"Do I not?" said Mr. Apps, with much fervor. "Shall I ever forget you?"

"And the journey from Brindisi, you know, and that funny little German—you remember him?"

"He was a knock-out, that German was."

"And the girl who played the banjo, and—"

"It was a great," agreed Mr. Apps, "great."

The large ballroom was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people saw toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room and a broad-shouldered Gondoller shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the Gondoller. "I'm engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me?"

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Henry Apps. "Oh, the world using you!"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the Gondoller. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so dashing as that before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps, with sudden aggressiveness. "Wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? You needn't think you're—"

"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess, laughing, "you mustn't overdo the part. Look here, I've your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that dashing East End talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"That's a capital make-up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for a moment, I thought you were a real dandy?"

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got the East End accent capitally."

"Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the Gondoller.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said, in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"You must let me show you round a bit, Captain Norman," said the Gondoller, with determined gentility. "Can you come round to my club one night this week?"

"What for?" demanded Mr. Apps, suspiciously.

"Why to dine! Say Thursday."

"Davens knows where I shall be on Thursday," said Mr. Apps. "I don't."

"You must consider me at your disposal if you require any introductions. I know a good lot of people, and any friend of Lady Staplehurst's—"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Mr. Apps, with much discontent. "Wot's the use of torking?"

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the Gondoller, delightfully. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would talk to me in their character."

Lady Staplehurst rose with something of a hurry in her manner and spoke to Henry VIII.

"What regiment do you belong to, Captain Norman?" asked the Gondoller.

"Find out," said Mr. Apps.

"Am I too curious? I know very little of the army, I'm afraid." The Gondoller was resolved to be agreeable to Lady Staplehurst's friend.

"I always dodge the army nights in the house. I suppose you know several of the Service members?"

"I know as many as I want to know," said Mr. Apps, evasively. "A man in my position of life 'as to be a bit careful who he mixes up with."

The hostess returned from Henry VIII.

"I can make nothing of this man," whispered the Gondoller to her, as he rose. "I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Mr. Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her prett mouth in an effort to imitate the Cockney's accent; "blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean like damn." She laughed. "It's of no use, Captain Norman. I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "ah't's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to any body here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of—"

She pointed in the direction of the Gondoller.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst, pleasantly. "And is that a jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is, indeed, realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of hidea," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. You put this end in and—"

Mr. Apps found himself quite excited in the explanations that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the Gondoller gazing at him.

"He don't look that 'sappy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh!" (with relief) "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the Gondoller resume his ordinary expression, Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couples promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"It's the rummest show you've ever in 'Emery," said Mr. Apps; "you're a 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs again. You want them diamonds money to you, 'Emery."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploits, gazing abstractedly at his boots, not seeing them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps, again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yes," said the burglar, disconcertedly. "Yes, it is Apps, agine, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no dobt."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker, cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the Gondoller, confidently, to Lady Staplehurst, "ain't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real—"

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoilt. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."

MERMAIDS GROWING SCARCE.

Affectionate Disposition Shown in Love of Mother for Offspring.

The strangest of all strange fish must surely be the manatee and the dugong. The latter is the mermaid of fabled lore. The dugong live in flocks along the shores of the Indian Ocean, the Gulf Sea and the Gulf of Manasar, where they browse on seaweed and river vegetation. They are very affectionate in disposition, and especially is this shown in the love of the mother for her offspring, which is much stronger than the instinct of self-preservation. Neither will the male leave the female if she be attacked; and instances are on record where the companions of the manatee gathered round and made an effort to withdraw the deadly harpoon. It is supposed that the rude approach to the human outline observed in the shape of the head of the dugong; the attitude of the mother in clasping the young to her breast with one flipper while swimming with the other, holding both above water, and suddenly diving and showing her fish-like tail when alarmed gave rise to the mermaid myth, first told by the Arab seamen. Jules Verne gives a thrilling description of the capture of a dugong in the Red Sea, when its flesh was desired as food. Naturalists tell us that the flesh of the manatee and the dugong much resembles well-fatted pork, of pleasant flavor, and is highly esteemed as food. For this reason they were much hunted and are fast becoming extinct; showing only too plainly the effect of man's unceasing war on those whom he has marked as his victims—Field and Stream.

Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even dogs wear shoes at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold—for a shaggy Esquimaux dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death! The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying, which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily, until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp, wolflike teeth, and eats them. Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell from \$75 to \$200 each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word. But the Esquimaux dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disposition to get out in the morning—New England Farmer.

At the Pool of Bethesda.

One of the footprints of Jesus in the vicinity of Jerusalem is the Pool of Bethesda. The pool which represents it now is an unsettled question. Three are pointed out, of which two are dry and full of weeds and rubbish. One of these is near the gate of St. Stephen and the other is near the Church of St. Anne. The third pool, supposed by many to be that of Bethesda, is the Pool of the Virgin. It lies in the Kedron valley, deep within the hill, Ophel. The approach is through a vaulted chamber and by two flights of steps which descend thirty feet beneath the surface. There has been a large deposit of debris here so that the outer aspects have greatly changed. This pool is an intermittent spring. It flows sometimes two or three times a day, but in the dry season not so often. The flow continues from ten to thirty minutes. The surplus-water runs off through the rock out conduit, made by King Heseekiah, and forms the Pool of Siloam. The disturbance of the water, due to the intermittent flow, and the fact that it is the only living water in the vicinity of Jerusalem, in the opinion of the writer, strongly identifies it with the Pool of Bethesda. The irregular movement of the waters was not understood. It was attributed by those not acquainted with aquatic movements to angelic agency.—Rav's Horn.

The Subway Tavern.

The proprietors of the Subway Tavern have sent out a report to the clergy and temperance workers of their work. The reports tell principally of what has been done to the old-time saloons in the neighborhood. Three of them, all within a radius of a block and or two of the tavern, have closed up.

The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia have represented a note to the German Foreign Office definitely declining to accede to the propositions of Prince George of Greece in favor of the annexation of the island of Crete by Greece.

MAKING ZEBRAS USEFUL.

Said to Be More Hardy Than Mules. Eat Less and Live Longer.

Since the first zebra was captured in Africa there has been a popular and general belief that the species, while interesting to naturalists, would forever be useless to mankind.

Many times efforts have been made to tame the zebra into a domestic animal, a beast of burden like the horse. But until very recently all these attempts have failed.

Experiments and tests in the London Zoological Gardens made in the last few months show that the zebra can be tamed and made useful. After viewing the tamed animals and seeing the great service they can perform, a commission has started from London for South Africa, where there are numerous herds of the beasts, and a "breaking camp" will be established.

It is possible that within a year zebras will be offered in the American markets as animals of commerce. They are much more hardy than mules, eat less and even live longer, although it is proverbial that a mule was never known to die.

The commission in South Africa is backed by the Army Department, which expects to be able to use the zebra in pack trains because of its stamina, quickness and strength. The War Department at Washington has taken cognizance and is watching the South African commission. A cross between horses and zebras has also been instituted, known as the "zebrule."

The Holy Russian Icon.

While the world has learned much about Russia, many people must have frequently met with the mention of "icons" and wondered what they might be and what part they played in the war. An icon is simply a religious picture, generally of little artistic merit, and the subject usually represented is either a Russian saint, some event in the life of Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary. In the Greek Church, as in other Christian churches, the worship of graven images is forbidden, but no objection is made to anything reproduced on a flat surface. Therefore icons are permitted in the forms of mosaics, paintings, enameled or printed. They play an important part in the religious life of the Russians, and are to be met with everywhere—in churches, public offices, private houses and shops. A picture to become an icon must be blessed by a priest and it is then regarded not only as an ornament, but as an accessory in the worship of the Greek Church. Icons are also worn on the person, when they take the form of a plaque or a book with two leaves. Almost every soldier wears one on his bosom, and when he prays he takes out his icon and, opening it, kneels down before it as if it were a portable altar. It will be remembered that General Kuropatkin, before his departure for the Far East, was presented with scores of icons at the different places which he visited, and more than one priest at the battle of the Yalu bore aloft the sacred icon at the head of his regiment—as it went into action. Every regiment has its own icon, which it carries as it would carry its banner when the regiment goes into battle.

Where is the West?

It would be easier to tell where is the East. That is always toward the Atlantic. Boston is East to Cleveland, Chicago is East to Colorado, and everything this side of the Cascade mountains is East to the Pacific Coast. It almost amounts to this. The West is where a man is; the East is where he or his father came from.

So it comes to pass that the West has no fixed geographical limits like the South and New England. It is something more than a geographical term. Like Boston, it is a state of mind. There are mountains and rivers and oceans within the limits of which this state of mind is pre-eminently to be found, but it is to be recognized in other regions as well. You can tell a Westerner as you can tell a Southerner, sometimes by his speech, always by his attitude toward life.

The West means Americans who are controlled by certain ideas and motives. But American does not mean Anglo-Saxon beyond the Alleghenies. It is never strictly speaking a matter of descent, but this is doubly true of that great region where blood and ideas and habits of every people under the sun are running into a new race. Inevitably the West is cosmopolitan. With such an original it could not be otherwise. Provincialism in any arrogant sense of the term you will not find outside of the thirteen original states of the Union. On the prairies too many men have succeeded where according to all precedent they ought to have failed, for any one to claim a proprietary right in omniscience. Lacking that, however convinced it may be of its own superiority, the West is tolerant, and the Westerner is at home everywhere.—World Today.

Banana Growing in Mexico.

Mexico is to be exploited by banana dealers. In the United States 40,000,000 bunches of the fruit are consumed each year, and the demand is increasing at the rate of 25 per cent. In Europe, although the consumption at present is less, yet the rate of increase is quite 50 per cent greater. More than 150 steamers are now engaged in the collection and distribution of bananas, including the new fruit boats, which have a carrying capacity of 50,000 bunches each.

Sweden's biggest export is timber. It sells \$27,500,000 worth a year.

THE BLUE HOSE

By ADDISON TAYLOR

There is a certain something about old clothes peculiarly stimulating—nay, even intoxicating to the imagination. What hardened bachelor is there who can—in the rush of dressing for dinner—gaze upon a familiar pair of socks—every fiber of their soft texture seeming to breathe forth the spirit of old associations—and beholding their beauty marred, their very footing undermined as it were, still remain unmoved? What man is there, I say, who can thus perceive the ravages of time upon these dainty pedicel adornments and not be affected?

I once possessed a pair of lovely silken hose of a most delicate blue color. As I walked forth on a clear, sunny day, it was only necessary for me to cast down my eyes to see glimpsing there above my shoe tops what might readily have been mistaken for a portion of the same blue sky that rested so serenely overhead. Or if the skies were cloudy and overcast, I had but to glance at my feet to see there a vision of better days. And day after day, as I strolled along the fashionable promenade—my trousers rolled up to just the height prescribed by correct style—many were the envious glances cast in my direction. In time I came to be recognized as one of the attractions of the quarter. Spectators would fill the benches along the promenade as the hour for my usual stroll drew near. As I passed by their talk would be stilled to suppressed whispers. But through it all I kept down my pride—for pride is a dangerous thing.

One morning, while I was breakfasting in my cosy little apartments, a letter was brought me. It was a daintily scented little epistle of delicate blue. The handwriting—unknown to me—was unmistakably feminine, and I opened the envelope with rather more haste than was altogether warrantable. Inside was a communication from a young lady—she mentioned her age at the very beginning of the letter informing me that the writer had noticed—(I liked the word)—noticed me many times on the promenade and had been charmed (a very expressive phrase) by my lovely stockings. She begged that I would honor her with a reply and inclose a small sample of my stockings. (Truly a feminine young woman, without doubt.)

Then I dressed for my usual walk, but during it I took pains not to show by any sign that unaccustomed perturbation that filled me.

That evening I sat in my study and smoked and thought. More blue letters had come in the evening mail. My life had been peculiarly quiet and consequently the happenings of this day had disturbed my mind not a little. There were five letters before me in their five envelopes. They were all blue. But—I looked from one to the other—the blues were not all of one shade! Then suddenly a most happy thought came into my mind. I compared each blue envelope with my hose. Not a one of them matched that rare, beautiful color! And following fast on this came another thought and a resolution—I would marry the girl whose letter matched in color my heavenly hose!

Days passed—nay, rather sped by—and my collection of blue feminine sentiments increased and still increased. Oh female eyes, thus to be entranced by vain apparel! Oh feminine heart, thus to be led captive by entranced eyes! The sight of a young woman's eyes fixed upon my hose would cause the blood to mount uncomfortably to my face. I thought seriously of discontinuing my walks, nay, even of giving up my blue hose. I finally decided to do the latter.

The shades of blue are unnumbered. At least so it began to seem to my bewildered brain. And still none of them matched—not a one was of that particular shade which had been designated the fatal one. I began for the first time to feel self-conscious, embarrassed in my walks.

On the evening of this decision—when I had but made it—there arrived in the mail a large number of blue letters. Without opening them I put them to the test in the customary manner. It had become a mere form—done without any hope of success—for I was now satisfied that nowhere did there exist a shade of blue exactly similar to that of my hose. My perception of color grades had grown acute, and I ran through the pile of envelopes, surely, that I might be true to my resolution. And all at once my nerves bounded. The letter in my hand trembled and shook, for my eyes had told me that it was the right shade. I compared it closely with my hose—the two colors were identical! I placed the envelope in my pocket and lit my pipe. It is always well to collect yourself when you feel your blood racing in that mad fashion. I smoked my pipe for some minutes, my thoughts whirling on. "You are a fool," I said to myself. "Are you going ahead in this mad fashion and place everything upon a mere identity in colors? But then, none of the others were of the right shade, and this one is. Therefore none of the other writers saw correctly, but this one did." In my heart I knew this arguing back and forth was to no purpose. For hadn't I decided in the beginning? Then, feeling that I was somewhat calmer, I drew the blue envelope from my pocket. Ah, how my heart pounded! Then, telling myself to be cool, I carefully opened the letter. It said only—"I offer my heart to you, my Knight of the Blue Stocking. If you would claim it, look to-morrow for one

wearing a ribbon of blue upon her breast."

I held the letter open in my hand, and from its pages there breathed a faint perfume—sweet as the odor of apple blossoms. I raised the letter to my lips and gently kissed it. For a long time I sat there—my senses as though under a spell. Pipe after pipe I smoked for the pictures that grew out of them. At last, long after my usual hour, I went to bed.

The next day was one of exceeding restlessness. As the hour for my stroll drew near my heart was fluttering in a fashion quite unusual. But bidding myself take courage, I walked forth. The promenade was thronged that afternoon. All the fashionables, it seemed, were taking the air. As I strolled along, nodding now and then to an acquaintance, my calm exterior showed not the excitement which raged in my breast. Eagerly my eyes sought among the throng for the wearer of the blue ribbon. Then—it seemed as though my heart stood still for a moment—my eyes had caught a glimpse of blue, clear as the skies. I hurried forward. In a moment I was at her side.

"Mademoiselle," I said, and my voice trembled most miserably.

"Ah, I feared you would not come." At her smile I surrendered without conditions.

"It is to make my claim," I said. And the eagerness in my voice brought the color to her face. I motioned to a carriage and we were driven to the nearest church. All the time my eyes scarcely left her, and I only remembered afterwards that we spoke barely a dozen words. Perhaps both were silent from the same cause. I was lost in admiration of her beauty. Think not that I am vain—but remember, I was wearing my blue hose.

"You have won the blue ribbon," she said, laying her hand in mine as we drove home later.

"And not a day too soon," said I. "For my hose are past all wearing. Hardly anything remains of them but the uppers." And I pressed her hand gently, for I am a timid man where the opposite sex is concerned.

"We will put them away as a keepsake," she suggested.

"The very thing," said I. "There is a certain something about old clothes—"

"Especially stockings," she said. And we both smiled.—Princeton Tiger.

Finding of a Lost Tribe.

At the north end of Hudson Bay is an island about the size of the State of Maine, which is called Southampton Island, on which has been discovered a lost tribe of Esquimaux, which has been without any intercourse with human beings for centuries and until a few years ago had never seen a white man. Apparently these people have dwelt here since before the time of Columbus. They are still in the stone age, knowing no metals. They grow no plants and their homes are built of the skulls of whales. Their huts are built by putting together the great jaws of whale and covering them over with skins. In the middle of this dwelling is the familiar elevated place on which stands the lamp. With this they cook, light their dwelling, provide warmth, melt snow and dry their clothes. The whale is their chief means of subsistence. They use the bones in a variety of ways, even making their cups and buckets of it, by bending it in shape and sewing on the bottom.

The tribe is composed of about fifty-eight individuals, about evenly divided between the sexes. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, quite unlike that spoken by any other tribes of Esquimaux. A fact which shows the perfect isolation of the community is evidenced by their ignorance of soapstone. Among other tribes it is the favorite material for pots and kettles, and when they are unable to obtain it in their own neighborhood they will make long pilgrimages, lasting several years, in quest of this material. But as the people of this lost tribe are in ignorance of such a stone they make their receptacles from slabs of limestone, which they glue together in rectangular shapes by mixing deer's blood and grease.

BRICKS SHIPPED WITH CARE.

Some Wrapped in Paper to Save Them from Damage in Transit.

Bricks might not seem delicate objects that would require wrapping up to save them from damage, but many thousands of bricks are now so protected to keep them from chipping in transportation and handling.

Common red bricks for backs of walls and for fillers are still handled just as they have always been—stacked together and dumped from the wagons in which they are delivered, but not so with pressed brick for front walls or with glazed bricks.

Pressed bricks have, to be sure, always been handled with care and stacked with hay spread between the layers; but they go a good deal further than that with glazed bricks, of which many are now used. These are wrapped up for shipment, each individual brick in a wrapper of corrugated or embossed paper, in which it is cushioned as well as wrapped.

It costs something to wrap up bricks in this way, but it costs less than the damage to the bricks unwrapped would amount to, and so there may be seen nowadays big stacks of bricks with every brick done up in a paper.

The small steel screws used in watchmaking are worth six times their weight in gold.